

Dark Tranquillity

"Atome Heart 243.5"

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Still alive
all knowing eye
beneath your stream of words
your rapid stream of words
Though none will
ever live to share
the radiant stream
the promised lives
from which your picture fell

Re-seal the components from atom hearts
Revert, non-owner of worlds

As uncommunication becomes the manifest
our alien, architectural skeletons in unison collapse

Death rode these silent caravans
and steered them to the rim of the world.

Their diaries and withered letters
all devoted to the art of dying

The enterprise, academy
the crafts held in our hands
all devoted to the art of dying

No room to arrange
the final row of masks
drenched in chameleon-ink
for the grand charade
The tongues that burn in you
the slowly altered language
that colonised your heartland
advanced through broken doors

And they still believe in you

They seem to see
so many things
hooked in your pestilent eye
Your stale lids, your iris punctured

by tongues licking a lie

The enterprise, wolvenlore
the cursed seed of man
plunged through the tunnels of uncreation
We reach out to move the landmark,
hands seeping down from the chronicles of time
The quill now blunt
the scribe devoured

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